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On the Actual State of the Art of Singing in the Lyrical Theatres of France and Italy.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

It would seem to ordinary good sense that, in the lyrical establishments so called, they ought to have singers for the operas; but precisely the contrary is the fact: they have there operas for the singers. A score has always to be readjusted, curtailed, pieced out, lengthened, shortened more or less to put it in a state (and what a state!) to be executed by the artists to whom it is entrusted. One finds his part too high, another finds his too low; that one has too many pieces, this one has not enough: the tenor wants the vowel *i* all the time, the barytone wants *a*; here one finds an irksome accompaniment, there his rival complains of a chord which goes against the grain with him; this is too slow for the prima donna, that is too quick for the tenor. In short an unfortunate composer, who should undertake to write a scale of C in the middle register and in a slow movement, and without accompaniment, would not be sure of finding singers to render it fairly *without changes*; the greater part of them would still pretend that this scale is *not in their voices*, because it was not *written for them*.

In Europe, at the present moment, with the system of singing that prevails (one has to say it), out of ten individuals calling themselves singers, it is doubtful whether it would be possible to find two or three capable of singing a simple romance really well, that is correctly, with truth, with expression, in a good style, and with a pure and sympathetic voice. Suppose we should take one of them at random, and say to him: "Here is an old air, quite simple, quite touching, whose tender melody does not modulate and keeps within the modest compass of an octave; sing it to us." It is very possible that your singer—a famous one perhaps—exterminates the poor little musical flower, and that in listening to it you think with regret of some village girl by whom you have heard the old air quavered out in former times.

No musical thought, no melodic form, no expressive accent resists the frightful mode of interpretation now becoming more and more universal. If this were but the only fault! But we have numerous varieties of anti-melodic singing. In the first place there is the innocently *bête* style of singing, the *insipid* style, and then the *pretentiously bête*; the singing that is adorned with all the stupidities the singer pleases to introduce; this is already very *culpable*. Then comes the *vicious* singing, which corrupts the public and draws it into bad musical directions, by the attraction of a certain capricious execution, brilliant, but false in expression, at once revolting to good taste and to good sense. Finally we have the *criminal* singing, the *chant scélérat*, which

joins to its wickedness an inexhaustible fund of *bêtise*, which proceeds only by great mouthfuls, delights

Aux bruyantes mêlées,
Aux longs roulements des tambours,

in sombre dramas, in throat-cuttings, in poisonings, in maledictions, in anathemas, in short in all the dramatic horrors which furnish most occasion for *letting out the voice*. It is this latter style that reigns, they say, despotically in Italy just now. But the cause, the cause? you ask. The cause, or the causes, I reply, are easily found; it is the remedy that is less known; or, to speak frankly, it is the remedy which they never will apply, even if it were known and its efficacy perfectly demonstrated. The causes are at once moral and physical, each depending on the other: and if theatrical enterprises had not been in all times, almost everywhere, given over to the hands of people greedy first of all for money and ignorant of the necessities of Art, these causes would not exist. They are:

1. The inordinate size of most lyrical theatres;
2. The system of *applause*, whether hired or not;
3. The preponderance, which has been allowed to establish itself, of the execution over the composition, of the larynx over the brain, of matter over mind, and in short too often the cowardly submission of genius to folly.

The lyrical theatres are too vast. It is proved, it is certain that sound, to act *musically* on the human organization, must not proceed from a point too remote from the hearer. People are always ready to reply when we speak of the sonority of an opera or concert hall: *Everything is heard very well there.* But so too I hear very well from my chamber the cannon that is fired upon the esplanade of the Invalids; and yet this noise, which moreover is outside of musical conditions, does not strike me, does not move me, does not thrill my nervous system in any way. Well, it is this blow, this emotion, this thrill, which sound ought absolutely to give to the organ of hearing, to move it musically, but which one does not receive even from the most powerful groups of voices and of instruments, when he hears them at too great a distance.

Some savants think that the electric fluid is incapable of traversing a greater space than a certain number of millions of leagues; I know not whether it be so, but I am sure that the *musical fluid* (I ask permission thus to designate the unknown cause of the musical emotion) is without force, without warmth and without life at a certain distance from its point of departure.—You hear, you do not *vibrate*. Now, one must himself *vibrate* with the voices and the instruments, and by them, to perceive real musical sensations. Nothing is more easy to demonstrate. Place a small number of persons, well organized and endowed with some knowledge of music, in a room of moderate size, without too much furniture or tapestry; execute before them in a

worthy manner some true chef-d'œuvre, of a true composer, truly inspired; a work pure from those insupportable conventional beauties praised as a matter of course by pedagogues and enthusiasts; a simple Trio for piano, violin and bass; the Trio in B flat by Beethoven for instance; what will happen? The hearers feel themselves gradually filled with an unaccustomed excitement; they will experience an intense, profound delight, now powerfully agitating them, now plunging them into a delicious calm, a veritable ecstasy. In the midst of the Andante, at the third or fourth recurrence of that sublime theme, so religiously impassioned, it may chance that one or two of them will not be able to contain his tears, and if he lets them flow an instant, he will end perhaps (I have seen this phenomenon produced) by weeping violently, with fury, with explosion. [!] There is a musical effect! There you have a hearer seized, intoxicated by the art of sounds; a being lifted to an immeasurable height above the ordinary plane of life! This man adores music; he knows not how to express what he feels; his admiration is ineffable, and his gratitude to the great poet composer, who has just ravished him, is equal to his admiration.

Now suppose that in the midst of this same piece, rendered by the same virtuosos, the room in which they execute it should gradually enlarge, and that in consequence of this progressive enlargement of the place, the audience should gradually become removed from the performers. Well; here is our saloon as large now as an ordinary theatre; our listener, who a moment ago felt the emotion gaining upon him, begins to recover his tranquility; he *hears* all the time, but he scarcely *vibrates* any longer; he admires the work, but it is by reasoning and no more by sentiment, nor by an irresistible *entraînement*. The hall continues to enlarge, the auditor is more and more removed from the musical focus. He is as far from it as he would be, if the three performers were grouped in the middle of the stage of the Grand Opera, and he were seated in the balcony of the first boxes in front. He *hears* still; not a sound escapes him, but he is no longer affected by the *musical fluid*, which cannot reach so far as he is; his excitement is dissipated, he becomes cold again; he even experiences a sort of disagreeable anxiety, the more painful as he makes more efforts of attention so as not to lose the thread of the musical discourse. But his efforts are vain; insensibility paralyzes them, *ennui* gains upon him, the great master fatigues him, besieges him; the chef-d'œuvre has become for him only a ridiculous little noise, the giant a dwarf, the art a deception; he is impatient and no longer listens. Another proof!

Follow a military band executing a brilliant march in the Rue Royale, we will suppose; you march gaily in its train; its rhythm draws you after it, its martial *fanfares* animate you, and you already dream of glory and of combats.—

* "A Travers Chants: Etudes Musicales," &c., Paris, 1862.

The military band enters the Place de la Concorde; you hear it all the time, but, the reflectors of sound no longer existing, its prestige is dissipated, you no longer vibrate, and you let it go its way, and make no more account of it than you would the music of some mountebanks.

Now, to enter into the heart of our subject, how many times it has happened to me, when they have had the kindness to represent, and not badly either, at the Opera, the works of Gluck, to remain cold, but vexed at my coldness, while listening to the first act of *Orphée*! Yet I knew, I was sure that there was a perfect marvel of expression, of poetic melody, there; and the execution lacked no essential quality. But the scene representing a *sacred grove* was open on all sides, the sound lost itself in the background, at the right and the left of the theatre; there were no reflectors, and of course no effect; Orpheus seemed really to be singing in a Thracian plain: Gluck had missed it. This rôle of Orpheus, sung again by Adolph Nourrit, some days afterwards, these same choruses executed by the same choristers, this same pantomime air executed by the same orchestra, but in the hall of the Conservatoire, recovered all their magic; one was in ecstasies; one became impregnated with antique poetry: Gluck was right.

The Symphonies of Beethoven, so overwhelming in the hall of the Conservatoire, have been executed several times at the Opera. There they produced no effect; Beethoven had missed it. Mozart's *Don Juan*, so ardent, so impassioned and impassioning at the Théâtre Italien, when it is well executed, is icy at the Opera, every one agrees. The *Marriage of Figaro* would seem colder still there. At the Opera, Mozart is wrong then!

The chefs-d'œuvre of the first manner of Rossini, the *Barbier*, the *Cenerentola*, and so many others, lose at the Opera their physiognomy so piquant and so *spirituelle*; you enjoy them still, but coldly from afar, like a garden looked at through a telescope. This Rossini, anyhow, has missed it! . . .

And the *Freyshütz*, see how languidly it drags itself along at the Opera, this vivacious musical drama, which, has such a savage energy! Has Weber missed it then? . . .

I could easily multiply my citations. What sort of a theatre is that in which Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven and Rossini are at fault, if it be not a theatre constructed in bad musical conditions? Yet it does not lack sonority. No, but, like all other theatres of the same dimension, the Opera is too large. The sound fills it easily, but not the musical fluid disengaged from the ordinary means of execution. It will doubtless be objected that several fine works produce effect there notwithstanding, and that a skilful singer, when he has the talent to enchain and concentrate upon himself the attention of the audience, can venture to sing softly with success there.—I will reply that this precious singer would impress his public still more vividly in a hall less vast, and that it would be the same with the fine works referred to, written though they were especially for the Grand Opera. Moreover, out of twenty beautiful ideas contained in these exceptional scores (scores written even now for the theatre of the Grand Opera), it is an even chance if four or five will swim; all the rest is lost. Besides, these beauties appear only veiled

and dwindled by remoteness, and never under all their aspects, never in all the vivacity of their ways, never in their full *eclat*.

Hence the necessity so often ridiculed, but real nevertheless, of hearing a fine opera very often in order to taste it and discover its merit. At the first representation everything there appears confused, vague, colorless, formless, without nerve; it is like a picture half effaced, the design of which you have to follow line by line. Listen to the judgments of the *foyer* during the entr'actes of the first representations: the new work, according to the critics, is *invariably tedious or detestable*. For twenty-five years now I have listened to them in such cases, without once hearing them express a more favorable opinion. It is much worse at general rehearsals, when the hall is half empty; then nothing swims, all disappears; neither melodic grace, nor harmonic science, nor instrumental coloring, nor love, nor anger, produce any effect; it is a vague noise, more or less fatiguing, which irritates you or puts you to sleep, and you go away cursing the work and the author.

I shall never forget the general rehearsal of the *Huguenots*. Meeting M. Meyerbeer on the stage, after the fourth act, all I could say to him was this: "There is a chorus in the scene before the last which, *it seems to me*, ought to produce an effect." I alluded to the chorus of the monks, in the scene of the benediction of the poignards, one of the most startling inspirations of the art of any period. It *seemed to me* that that ought to produce some effect. I had not been struck by it in any other way. . . .

(Conclusion next week.)

Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient.

A SKETCH.

By MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The following brief notice of the first tragic singer of Germany, condensed from a more extended sketch by Rellstab, himself a distinguished critic in art, will not be deemed useless by the reader who reflects on the evanescent nature of the actor's fame. The more difficult task of preserving for posterity a vivid recollection of one whose performance has delighted and instructed his contemporaries, the more incumbent is it upon the writer to do his best to paint the picture in unfading colors, to hang a wreath over the urn of one who has spent a life in toil, and reaped no adequate reward.

Seldom has the life of an actress been so propitiously commenced, as that of the subject of this notice. Endowed by nature with every personal gift, genius in art seemed her proper inheritance. Wilhelmine was the daughter of the celebrated Sophia Schröder, one of Germany's greatest tragic actresses so far as declamation and expression are concerned. Her marriage also was auspicious; Karl Devrient, her husband, is well known as a gifted performer; and the name of Louis Devrient shines as a star of the first magnitude among a cluster of lesser splendor. Wilhelmine Schröder Devrient was born at Hamburg, on the 6th of October, 1805. She was early accustomed to the stage, appearing on it for the first time when only five years old, to represent a Love. Sweetly as she enacted the part, the spectators could never have anticipated the perfection of grace and majesty that was to be unfolded from this tender germ. In her tenth year she became a regular member of a children's ballet company in Vienna, whither her mother was called. This constant exercise was beneficial, as it strengthened her frame, and tended to develop the grace for which she was afterwards so remarkable. Her general education was carefully attended to; and it may be seen what pains were bestowed to cultivate her taste as well as morals by her choice of the more elevated parts in the drama, as soon as she arrived at an age to judge for herself. At fifteen, she appeared on the stage as Aricia, in Racine's *Phædra*; and by her charming personation and noble expression of the part, awakened the fairest hopes in those interested in her

success. Encouraged by praise, she devoted herself to her chosen art with increased zeal and unwearied industry. During this first year of her theatrical course, she gave evidence of uncommon powers; the highest characters, such as Louise in Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, Ophelia in Hamlet, and Beatrice in the *Bride of Messina*,—were undertaken by her, and performed in such a manner as to show something of what might in future be expected from the youthful artist. These theatrical exercises, in which she cultivated her abilities as an actress, before venturing on the opera,—were in the highest degree useful to her. She thus learned early to understand the spirit of the part, and infuse soul into her acting, instead of depending entirely on the voice. Her first part in the opera was Pamina in the "Magic Flute."

It was on the 20th January, 1821, that Wilhelmine first displayed, before an astonished audience in the Viennese theatre, that fairest gift of the muse, her talent as a singer. She had many advantages: her beauty and dignity of person, rare voice, skill in pantomime, with her practice in the most difficult theatrical details, the counsels of her mother, and her own diligence in musical studies,—all contributed to her success. She herself names a certain Grünwald as her instructor in the rudiments of music; and the Italian professor Mozatti, at Vienna, gave her lessons, to which she was indebted for her attainments in the higher branches. It was not long before she became entitled to the praise of a great artist. In 1823, she undertook a professional tour to the north of Germany, and among other characters appeared as Leonore, in *Fidelio*. She had played this part for the first time in Vienna, on the birth-night of the Emperor, and kindled the enthusiasm of the whole music-loving public. The same success attended her in Berlin, though she had there to encounter a famous rival, so superior to her in power and sweetness of voice, that only an artist conscious of her own inner greatness would have dared to compete with her. This rival was the celebrated Milder Hauptmann, for whom Beethoven originally wrote the part of Leonore. The victory was decisive in favor of our youthful heroine; although at that time a blind veneration was felt for Milder in Berlin. She was indeed distinguished for her magnificent voice, but, as a theatrical singer and actress, had done nothing worthy of fame. Nevertheless, it was a bold and perilous enterprise to oppose intellectual strength in art to material superiority, especially when the last was sustained by greater reputation. Our young adventuress dared the combat, however, and won a splendid victory, although yet but in the beginning of her career. With untried wings, timid and trembling at the first trial, she ventured to soar, her eyes fixed on the far height she was 'destined to reach.' While on this first visit to Berlin, she was married to the young and gifted actor, Karl Devrient, which name she joined to her own. Both appeared at the theatre in Dresden; for this theatre, then under the direction of the celebrated Weber, was the first at which Madame Devrient was permanently engaged. Thence she made several professional excursions to the other large cities of Germany. In 1828, she was a second time at Berlin, and played in many fine parts, among others in that of Eurynome. Her fame now spread into foreign countries.

She was engaged by Rockel, then director of the German opera in Paris; and in that city met with such incredible success, that the theatre was overflowing whenever she performed in Donna Anna, *Fidelio*, or similar parts. Her triumphs abroad, as usual, caused her to be more highly appreciated at home. Her renown became a national boast. A series of artistical triumphs were prepared for her on her return from Paris, and during a two months' residence in Berlin, that rivalled those of a Catalani, a Schechner, or a Sontag. In the spring of 1831, she visited Paris a second time, and bound herself to the Italian Opera. She reaped, indeed, little applause in this enterprise, but by diligence and exertion made great improvements thereby in her singing. Thence she went to London, and in this great metropolis was received, in spite of the coldness of the English character, with an enthusiasm, an astonishment of admiration, that threw even Parisian praise into the shade. Here opens a new era in the cultivation of the artist; for in these long visits to London and Paris, after having gone through the few German operas there represented, she felt herself under the necessity of making trial of Rossini's parts. These she had never sung, and believed herself unfitted for them by her education in German music. Besides, she had seen the great success of Italian singers—such as Rubini, Pasta, Malibran, etc. Her attempting these parts she knew would open a new field, and besides work advantageously on her original style. By nature she was gifted with a remarkably pleasing voice, capable of the most delicate shades of expression,

but not what the Germans call *metel rich*. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, after having made several trials, and having advantages pointed out to her by Rubini, and other distinguished singers, she became convinced that it was possible to reach the goal of her wishes, and resolved with perseverance and indomitable resolution to accomplish the end.

Schiller says somewhere, "Genius is industry:" and he who labors with all his strength to develop what is within him, will feel the truth of the saying. In no case was it more happily proved, than that of Madame Devrient, who, although already at the height of renown and success, still felt herself impelled by the law of genius to toil and strive after further attainments.

The brief history of her uneventful life may here be considered at an end; we will endeavor to observe her as an artist.

Among her German contemporaries Madame Devrient had two rivals—Schechner and Sontag. The first owed her success to a rare voice, as full of pathos as power, combined with a noble and feminine naturalness in her acting. Sontag was mistress of complete theatrical tact; and her loveliness of person, flexibility and dexterity of voice, and exquisite grace and coquetry in action—all which advantages she possessed in the highest degree—were refined by assiduous industry into a harmonious whole. Betwixt these two extremes of elevated nature, and a delicate, graceful combination of artistical talents, our heroine must be regarded as occupying a middle place. She both embellished nature, and ennobled art by intellectual power. If she did not reach the proud destination of her rivals, her work was a great one, because created by the mind that distilled the material into its own element, while with the others, the material formed the foundation on which a nobler structure was built. It was with Schechner and Sontag as if matter were the father—the producing or creative—and with Devrient the mother—the subordinate principle—in a work of art.

The greatest parts in which our actress appeared were as follows: Leonore, in *Fidelio*; Julia in the *Vestal*; Euryanthe, in Weber's noble work; Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*; Iphigenia, in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; Rezia, in Weber's *Oberon*; Rebecca, in Marschner's *Templar and Jewess*, and the Robber-bride of Ries. To these, after she had completed her studies in the Italian school, she added Desdemona, in *Othello*; and Romeo, in Bellini's *Capulets and Montagues*. In many others she excelled, but these were her most popular characters; and they besides afford an opportunity of comparing her with the two distinguished singers above mentioned. Leonore may be said to be newly created by her; she soared to a higher range of thought than Schechner; she conquers, not like Achilles, by superior strength but like Alexander, by the power of the spirit. It would be interesting to follow her biographer in the parallel he draws between her and Schechner in this part, but the limits of a mere notice forbid us the indulgence. In the *Vestal*, as in *Fidelio*, her great rival was Schechner, irresistible from the power of her voice. The part was quite another work, though equally effective, in the hands of Madame Devrient. Euryanthe and Desdemona deserve to be mentioned with the above personations; and in these parts a parallel can be drawn between our artiste and Henrietta Sontag. Euryanthe was originally rendered popular by this singer, and Desdemona was one of her chief parts. But Madame Devrient could not undertake a character without rendering it a formation of her own. The finale in the second act of Euryanthe is made almost a drama of itself by her playing. The heroine stands before her judges; she is guiltless, unembarrassed, but the strange preparations cause a slight misgiving. The accusation begins; she repels it with lofty, queenlike pride. Lysiart shows the ring, and indicates the half revealed secret; apprehension seizes upon her; anguish oppresses her; her heart throbs with dread; she knows herself entangled in the net. Now she is the victim of consciousness and repentance for what she herself has done; she is crushed; she is humility—submission itself. She follows Adolar in despair, resolved to be faithful through misery to her beloved. These successively unfolded traits, represented with plastic art and the most expressive singing—form one of the noblest pictures ever painted by music. The third act is perhaps richer in effect, but the situations are so well defined, that the most mediocre actress could not fail in them. There the work of an artiste is not so much to create, as to give a masterly execution.

The representation of Desdemona divides itself into three parts: first, that of the silent, submissive daughter; secondly, that in which love for her husband struggles with the anguish of the spurned and outcast child, giving rise to the passionate scenes;

thirdly, that of the wife resigned to her fate. Sontag was Madame Devrient's rival in this character, and certainly excelled her, through her great musical talent, in the singing. In the playing, they stand in the same relation as in Euryanthe. Indeed, Sontag seemed fated eminently by nature for the impersonation of Desdemona; her style of beauty corresponded with the expression and feeling in her tones. The subdued harmony of her various qualities gave a magical effect to her acting, and rendered it more pleasing, though really not greater, than that of our artiste. But Devrient richly compensated by many admirable traits peculiar to herself. All actresses in the closing scene of the second act sink at the feet of Desdemona's father; our heroine did the same; but her whole action—her every movement—was a work of art, worthy to be immortalized by the pencil or the chisel. In the third act, in her white floating dress, she seems like a Grecian muse—breathing in mournful melody her presentiment of death. Her acting could not be surpassed, were it not for one fault. But misled by an error of the composer, she falls into a greater one in the representation. The last duet, when Othello torments the victim he is about to sacrifice, is the rock on which she splits, and that in such a manner that the effect of the whole is spoiled. Here should be expressed the feminine and natural horror of the injured wife at the idea of a violent death. Desdemona may indeed assume an aspect of wounded dignity, when she learns that she is condemned on the testimony of such a villain as Iago. But the expression of *rage* is as foreign and unnatural to her character as thorns to a lily. Thus the playing of Madame Devrient in this scene, where she so far forgets herself as to stamp her foot with anger, must be strongly reprehended. She was probably led astray by the taste of a foreign, and particularly a Parisian public. And it is remarkable, that a person of genius, having once fallen into an error, holds it fast with a species of obstinacy, as a mother, even a foster mother, will love a misshapen child, though all the world recoil from it. We should not however, be too severe with our artiste for a single fault, but remember that the diamond owes its dazzling splendor to its hardness and the sharpness of its points!

Desdemona was the first part in Italian music undertaken by Madame Devrient, who had hitherto played only in German operas. Her most distinguished personation in the new school was Romeo, in Bellini's *Capulets and Montagues*. In the singing as well as action she was most admirable, and gave to the last act a truly tragic greatness.

In the part of Donna Anna, it could not be said that she entered into the farthest depths of Mozart's noblest character, surpassing all other singers; on the contrary, Henrietta Sontag stands unrivalled in this character as far as song is concerned. But in the expression throughout of all that is noble and sublime—of all that shakes the soul—Madame Devrient need not yield the palm to any of her predecessors or contemporaries.

The purest and most elevated character in which our singer appeared on the stage, is that of Iphigenia. Iphigenia—as with the Greek poet, so with the German tragedian—as in Racine, so in Gluck's musical drama—is the noblest female form depicted by poetry and music. In this, Devrient is, from the first moment, worthy of the part she has undertaken; glorious both as maid and priestess. The recitation of the dream is a masterpiece in musical expression, aided by plastic action. The character grows before our eyes, as the tragic circumstances multiply, and sorrow spreads her dark wings over the sacred head, to shadow it with eternal night. But a pure, soft moonlight still shines, and bids us hope for the dawn of another and brighter day. Iphigenia is the only one of Gluck's characters in which our singer appeared, till within the last years. She felt—she must have felt, that his creations made the largest demands on her strength. It was a sacred duty for one so highly gifted, to strive after perfection in these noblest tasks; and Gluck furnished a field for the exercise of her best faculties. After she had attained the height of her fame, and been acknowledged by her countrymen as their first tragic opera actress, she numbered many other great parts among her masterpieces. Among these was Bellini's greatest, *Norma*; Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* also furnished her, in Valentine, with a character in which she could display all her rich and varied gifts; she fulfilled the predictions of her most enthusiastic friends in *Armida*, and pressing forward continually to new achievements, crowned all with one of her noblest personations, in Gluck's *Alceste*. A three months' engagement at the opera in Berlin was chiefly devoted to the study and representation of these last parts. The burning of the opera-house, on the night of the 18th August, 1843, postponed, if not destroyed entirely, the com-

plete fulfilment of the expectations awakened by her performances.

In the personation of Norma, she had to compete with a great, and indeed unrivalled heroine—in Pasta; who, though in the decline of her wonderful powers, yet gave the greatest, the most powerful, the most elevated representation of this only character into which Bellini has breathed a deep and warm life. Pasta's Italian extraction was in her favor; it enabled her to identify herself more perfectly with the composer's ideal, and to give voice and deed to his conception. But Madame Devrient was also a great Norma; a German priestess, in whose breast the Italian flames of passion and revenge are not kindled so readily, perhaps, but once kindled, burn with a more untameable power.

But on these and other triumphs of art, we have no further space to dwell. Enough, even by transient glimpses, has been shown, to discover that an artist so highly gifted, was still constrained by effort and industry to develop what nature had bestowed upon her; to show that the greatest endowments do not exempt their possessor from the common doom of labor. To the magnitude of her exertions, indeed, was it owing, that the powers she so assiduously cultivated, waned so early, and, that her youthful softness and beauty were, in time, injured by a more harsh and rugged manner. Hers was a clear and rosy morning; and how bright was her sun in its zenith—filling the blue vault with light, and warming earth with its genial beams! She was the pride of her country—kindling all hearts, that could beat for art, with a glow of the purest inspiration! Are we to murmur because that sun at length declines—or clouds obscure its splendor? Rather let a blessing follow it even to the verge of the horizon! The laurels of a hundred victories—with which genius has wreathed her brow, can never fade!—*Democratic Review*, 1845.

Joseph Haydn and His Princely Patrons.

By DOCTOR L.

Translated for the N. Y. Musical Review by Fanny M. Raymond.

Continued from page 364.

Haydn seems to have borne his cross with patient resignation, through a long succession of years, until he at length gathered courage to shake it off. The occasion was given by the following incident, as I have been told by Mr. Prinster, one of the two formerly so celebrated horn virtuosos of the prince's chapel. With the profits of his visit to London, Haydn had purchased in Gumpendorf, one of the Viennese suburbs, a house that had on the first floor an entrance-hall, with a room on the right hand side for him, and on the left one for his wife. Two young ladies, belonging to one of the most honorable families in Vienna, visited the house, to express their admiration and veneration for the master. As they were passing through the entrance saloon towards his room, the door opened suddenly, the old woman stretched out her head and shrieked: "What! are those two nice figures here again?" The very offensive meaning which attaches to this local expression in Vienna, caused Haydn much annoyance, but it, at the same time, determined him to rid himself of his wife; he sent her to Baden, near Vienna, to Stoll, the schoolmaster,—the same for whom Mozart wrote his *Ave Verum*,—into exile, where she lived some time for she only died in the year 1800. But the old man "ate his bread in peace" during his last decennium, at least.

Far different from Haydn's standing in the world of women and children, whose hearts fell to his share of themselves, was his position among those princely personages, to whom he was subordinate, and the artists whom he was placed over. Every one will believe this, who remembers the disgraceful way, in which the so amiable Mozart was treated by the archbishop of Salzburg, and the by no means distinguished part played by him at the imperial court, or who recalls the tremendous explosion that took place from time to time during the lives of Handel and Beethoven, when these energetic spirits came in collision with the intrigues and cabals of the artistic world, only too prone to intrigue.

Two fortunate circumstances helped Haydn through all his difficulties, and smoothed his path of life. The master was to his art, to his princely patrons, to the prince Nicolas Joseph, and to

the prince Nicolas, on account of the glory that was reflected from his name, as indispensable as they were to him for the sake of existence, while the envy and intrigue of the subordinate artist world found itself disarmed in the presence of a man, who, in spite of his already European fame as musician and director, was modesty and humanity itself. While Meyerbeer, when he studied the "Prophet" with the excellent orchestra of the Viennese opera house, dared so to abuse them on account of mere trifles, that their increasing bitterness of feeling towards him nearly broke out in open war,—Haydn's manner of directing was the quietest and most noiseless in the world, and in places in his compositions, where any instrument came in with a solo, the old man used to look over his immense spectacles at the soloist concerned, with an encouraging, yet beseeching glance, as if to say, "Now, my dear Sir, it is again your turn to do honor to yourself and to me." Prinster has assured me that Haydn's kind and noble manner of directing, honoring art in artist, was a far greater spur to his own ambition, than if all the possible "Sakramentern" and "Donnerwettern" had been sworn at him.

On the other hand, Haydn had every reason to be satisfied with such a chapel, selected by prince Nicolas among excellent musicians of all countries, and, with few exceptions, he was so.—For instance, Mr. Plaimschauer, then a member of the orchestra, and father of the present excellent chorus leader, told, that when two great Masses, in one of which peculiar organ arpeggios at the *Crucifixus*, in the other a kettle-drum solo at the *Agnus* occurred, used to be performed, the organist and drummer never satisfied Haydn; when these places came in, he always ran, as lively as a weasel, and greatly to the hidden amusement of all present, to the organ and drum, and played the difficult parts himself. Whether these odd moreaux, whose unsuitableness the composer himself must have secretly felt, gained anything at his hands, is very uncertain.

Only one thing could make him angry at the director's desk: it was when a singer or virtuoso tried to embellish his compositions by introduced ornaments. And even then, he was content to remind artistic arrogance of its proper sphere, by means of delicate satire. This good-natured irony, which, because united to so much bonhomie, always reached, without overstepping, its aim, was the only weapon he ever used against others in his own defence. When Johann Fuchs, vice-chapellmaster and Haydn's scholar, was extolling in a self-conceited manner, the probable beauties of a Mass that he had composed, Haydn, to whom it sounded too ridiculous, at last cried out: "Fuchs, Fuchs! I see already, that you are beginning to grow over old Haydn's head; I shall have to look to it, and commence study afresh!"

This Fuchs was one of the few with whom, I was told, the composer held intimate relations; a difficult thing to believe, in a man of Haydn's lively and genial joviality, as Fuchs, although an honest fellow, was, like his own compositions, tiresome and dry in the extreme. It is far more probable, when we take also into consideration the ties of blood, and Haydn was much with his brother Johann, (died in 1805,) who, although not gifted with the genius of the remarkable vocal powers of his two brothers, obtained, through Joseph's influential recommendation, a place as tenor singer in the princely chapel; he was a cheerful, unassuming man, who gave music lessons, paid court to all the young girls, in spite of the tricks they played him, and gladly sang merry songs behind a glass of wine.

In the present Kapellen-house, once a Franciscan monastery, which prince Nicolas purchased and transformed into the "Angel" inn, and where Beethoven, Salieri, Kreutzer, Gyrowitz, Vogler, &c., lived during their visits at the prince's expense, they show, as a pendant to the well known Haydn-room in Salzburg, the chamber where Joseph, in company with his brother Johann and Fuchs, used to drink a glass of wine occasionally. Like Beethoven, he preferred red wine, but never drank more than half a bottle (*Seidel*) of it; he used the yellow kind of tobac-

co, and that only in moderation.

But a far greater necessity to him than their material enjoyments, was that of exercise in the open air, and the view of nature, which he passionately loved. It was his delight to compose in the open air; and the Lichtenthal garden, at the eastern extremity of Eisenstadt, which he rented from an officer of the court, still preserves the wooden pavilion, in which Haydn wrote often and much.

His manner of composing was to note down his more or less worked out sketches on single leaves of music paper; then, when all stood clear and complete before him, on paper and in his head, he used to write out the score, which never showed many corrections. That rapidity of conception and production, which we find so astounding in Mozart and Schubert, was wanting to Haydn, who was, as he said himself, a slow workman, and who took at least a month to write a symphony, and busied himself through three while writing a mass. Just as little did he possess of that wondrous gift of improvisation at the piano, almost verging on clairvoyance, which was in the power of Mozart and Beethoven.—Prinster only heard him improvise once, when the prince made a company wait a little too long for him; but it was more a free fantasy on reminiscences from his own works, and those of others; but perhaps the cause of this may have been that his powers as a virtuoso lay rather in violin, than piano playing.

It is worth remarking as a curious fact, and even more as a proof that Haydn in advanced years, when even genius begins to long for physical and intellectual repose, then needed particular invitation to composition. When he, nearly seventy years old, was writing "The Seasons," at the instigation of Van Swieten, to put himself in the right mood for work, he used to hold much intercourse with the country people, farmers and wine-dressers round Eisenstadt, visited them in their fields and vine-yards, and, greatly to their surprise, held long conversations with them about their occupations, harvest prospects, &c.

And now I come to speak of one trait in the character of the so often in our day systematically misunderstood tone-master; a peculiarity, it seems to me, that must be comprehended, before we can fully judge his works. I mean his piety. It must have been intense, sincere and pure, for on this point, as on that of his amiability, every written or verbal witness, to which I had access, gave the same opinion. This love of God was not merely deistical, but of a very positively believing nature; like his brother in Salzburg, he was a devout Catholic, and to him the hearing of the mass, the taking of the sacrament, was a spiritual necessity; if, while composing, his flow of musical ideas came to a stand-still, he would take up his rosary, and walk up and down his room praying; then his wandering thoughts came back; when he was writing "The Creation," he fell on his knees daily, to pray to God to give him strength to complete the work; after he had finished any of his great masses, which were all, with one or two exceptions, written in his old age, he used to be almost drunk with joy, Prinster told me, and often shed tears of delight to think that he had once more completed a work to the praise and glory of his Creator.

This piety was certainly not that which we so commonly see in men of advanced years and former sensuality, who have nothing more to hope on this, and much to fear from the other side of the grave, but rather apart from the age, in which he lived, when a fund of faith was often found together with much frivolity, as Otto Jahn has already remarked in Mozart's case, this was closely woven into Haydn's whole being, and peculiar to from him youth up. An autograph, preserved in the musical archives of Eisenstadt dated 1769, bears the inscription at the commencement, "*In nomine Domini*," with which the pious man was accustomed to begin his greater works. And as he was moderate in all things, so his faith never degenerated into bigotry; of this his will is proof. In this he left only 30 florins for masses for the repose of his soul, but a legacy of 1000 to the poor.

We have intentionally dwelt some time on the pure and intense glow of Haydn's piety, which has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt, because it seems to us to settle the question as to which are right:—those, who can only see polite church concerts in his masses, who, as it lately ran in this paper, (*Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*), always hear in them "an honorable return to the concert hall;" or those, who find in the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* of these works, the Klopstock ode-like flight of a divinely inspired soul, in the *Gratias* the touching thanks of creature to Creator, in the *Miserere* and *Agnus* the humble repentance of true contrition. But we would not make this piety an excuse for the well-known weak points of Haydn's masses, and the South German church music in particular, and still less for the degeneracy into which the great school, no longer sustained by the sincerely religious spirit of its founder, soon fell.

(To be continued.)

Camilla Urso.

The reappearance in our city of this admirable artist naturally excites inquiries about her early history and education. We reprint therefore the following translation from *La France Musicale*, which first appeared in this Journal ten years ago—too early for the benefit of many of our present readers.

CAMILLA URSO belongs to an Italian family, which has rendered considerable service to art. Her father, Salvator Urso, born at Palermo, in 1810, was the son of a distinguished musician, and himself received a thorough musical education. He established himself at Nantes, where he was organist of the Church of the Holy Cross. At the age of six years, she was one of the most charming children in the world. Her musical sensibility was so exquisite, that the slightest sound caused her to weep or to laugh according as it expressed joy or grief. Her father, from an early period, devoted all his time to the education of this interesting child, whom he looked upon as a superior being, committed by Providence to his care. The occasion which first revealed to Camilla her vocation, and when she made choice of the instrument, which was to give her, at such a tender age, the joys and glories of the artist, deserves to be related:

Her father had taken her to a Mass of St. Cecilia in the Church of the Holy Cross, where he was organist. The temple had been sumptuously decorated for the solemnities of the day and the rays of the autumn sun, shining through the windows of stained glass, shed a grave and religious light upon the nave. At the moment when Camilla had taken a place at her father's side, a well trained orchestra gave the opening chords of the *Kyrie Eleison*. Soon the sound of the organ and of the voices of the choir joined with the harmonies of the instruments. From that moment, Camilla remained motionless as the pillar against which she was leaning; all the pomp of the divine service had disappeared from her eyes; she had but one sense left—hearing; and, while other children of her age were gazing with curious eyes upon the altar blazing with tapers, and the gilded vestments of the priests, Camilla saw nothing but the music and the singing. Finally, the service being finished, the music ceased, the crowd began to retire, while she still stood, as if listening, mute and motionless as a statue. Her father was obliged to take her by the arm to make her conscious that they were alone and that it was time to return home.—Camilla followed and confided to him, on the way, her impressions. What she had found to be most beautiful, most touching in the midst of the Mass of St. Cecilia, the instrument which had most charmed her among all those whose sounds rang among the vaults of the church, was the violin, the king of instruments, the violin, whose tones weep and sing like the human voice, that instrument which best obeys the hand, the most efficient agent of the will and the inspiration of the artist. "I wish to learn the violin," said the little Camilla, resolutely to her father.

M. Urso, like a sensible man, did not attempt to oppose an inclination announced in so characteristic a manner; he procured a teacher of the violin for his daughter, and himself taught her the first elements of music. Nature had endowed the child with those rare qualities which are the certain indications of an irresistible destiny. The progress of Camilla was so rapid, that, at the end of about a year, she appeared for the first time in public, at a concert given for the benefit of the widow of an artist.

The debut of the young virtuoso produced an immense sensation. The principal journal of Nantes

kings of the earth rise up, and the rul - ers take counsel to - geth - er, take

coun - sel, take

coun - sel to - geth - er a - gainst the Lord, and a - gainst . . . his a -

noint -

- ed, against the Lord, and his a - noint - ed.

Da Capo.

No. 41. LET US BREAK THEIR BONDS ASUNDER.

CHORUS. ALLEGRO E STACCATO.

Psalm ii v. 3.

SOPRANO. Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us

ALTO,

TENORE. Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us, let us

BASSO.

ALLEGRO
STACCATO.
Full.
♩ = 180.

break, Let us break their bonds a -

Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us break,

break their bonds a - sun - der, let us, let us break, let us break their

Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us, let us break their bonds,

8~~~~~

- sun - der, Let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

Let us break their bonds..... a - sun - der, Let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

bonds a - sun - der, Let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let..... us, let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

8~~~~~

and cast a - way - - - - -

and cast a - way - - - - - their yokes from us, and cast a -

and cast a - way..... their yokes..... from

..... their yokes from us, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

- way their yokes from us, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

and cast a - -

us, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

- way..... and cast a -

way their yokes from us. Let us break their bonds, let us break their
 way their yokes from us. Let us break their bonds a -
 way their yokes from us. Let us break their bonds,
 way their yokes from us.

bonds, Let us break their bonds a -
 sun - der, let us break their bonds,
 Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us break their
 Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us break their bonds.

sun - der, let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us, let us
 let us break their bonds a - sun - der,
 bonds, let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us
 let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

speaks as follows of her performance on the occasion: "Never had a violinist a *pose* more exact, firmer, and at the same time perfectly easy; never was bow guided with greater precision than by this little Urso, whose delivery made all the mothers smile. Listen now, to the *air variée* of the celebrated De Beriot; under these fingers, which are yet often busied in dressing a doll, the instrument gives out a purity and sweetness of tone, with an expression most remarkable. Every light and shade is observed, and all the intentions of the composer are faithfully rendered. Here come more energetic passages; the feeble child will find strength necessary, and the voice of the instrument assumes a fullness which one could not look for in the diminutive violin. Effects of double stopping, *staccato*, rapid arpeggios—everything is executed with the same precision, the same purity, the same grace. It is impossible to describe the ovation that the child received. Repeatedly interrupted by applause and acclamations, she was saluted at the end by salvos of bravos and a shower of bouquets."

Shortly after the concert M. Urso, desiring to perfect the education of his daughter by placing her under the greatest masters, did not hesitate to abandon the position which he had held at Nantes, in order to establish himself with his whole family at Paris, where, as soon as he arrived, he presented himself to M. Massart, professor of the Conservatoire. Struck by the extraordinary talent of Camilla, and deeply interested in her by the sweetness of her disposition, Massart admitted her to his class, and wished beside to give her private instruction. With such a teacher, the young pupil could not but make the most rapid progress. One who heard her at this period at a private *sourée*, says of her: "Her attitude was at once modest and confident; one would say that she had a consciousness of herself, of her talent—and that this conviction inspired her with the boldness which is indispensable to the success of all who would offer themselves for the suffrages or the criticism of the public. This strength, which springs from confidence in his own resources, is as necessary to the artist as superiority of talent." Success followed the young artist everywhere. Dilettanti, artists, everybody, overwhelmed her with praise and loaded her with bouquets and toys; a kind of ovation to which the little Camilla was not yet of an age to be insensible.

Proud of the success of his daughter, M. Urso, with a view to better his modest circumstances, started on a tour through the departments. It was a succession of triumphs. Then a series of concerts in some of the German cities, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Mayence; another series of ovations. Finally, the Urso family returned to Paris, where Massart was awaiting his pupil with impatience. Camilla returned with new ardor to her studies, under the skilful paternal direction of her excellent professor. In a few months she made her appearance in the public concerts of Paris, before audiences whose verdict decides the fate of aspiring artists; at the *Salle Herz, Société Polytechnique*, the Conservatoire, the Association of Musical Artists. Everywhere her success was the same; and crowned with the approval of these audiences, she now, in the words of her biographer, "is walking in the steps of the greatest *virtuosi*. She plays the violin, not as any well organized child might play, after a certain period devoted to study, but indeed with a skill truly prodigious. Her *pose*, her energy, her bowing, reveal the consummate artist. But what is most surprising, is the sentiment of her execution; she excels in that essential expression which comes wholly from the soul, and which the composer, from the lack of means to note and write out, abandons to the discretion and intelligence of the executant."

M. Gounod's "Faust" at Berlin.*

Margarethe, a five-act opera, the book by MM. Barbier and Carré, the music by M. Gounod, was produced for the first time at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, on the 5th inst. Our readers will recollect that a portion of the press objected to M. Gounod's opera because the composer had had Goethe's *Faust* transformed into a *libretto*; in fact no small inclination was manifested, on this account, to prevent the entrance of the opera into Germany. Meanwhile, it made its way on the German stage, and everywhere achieved the most honorable success. Nay more; in some places, such as Hamburg and Breslau, it appeared a powerful magnet for attracting money. An important element of this success turned out to be the fundamental idea of the *libretto*, in which the German public found something they knew and liked. To understand it, they needed no book. The situation and dialogues were always clear, and

the public were enabled to give themselves up without reserve to the enjoyment of the music, and the impression of the work as a whole. For this reason, we will not dwell long upon the *libretto*. The adapters have retained the course of the plot, as it exists in Goethe's *Faust*, and produced a very skilfully constructed opera text. Where they deemed it advisable, they made alterations, as, for instance, in the *Kermess* or Country-wake, of the second act, where Mephisto plays off his tricks, and Gretchen's first meeting with Faust takes place. Furthermore, Siebel, Gretchen's unlucky lover, is a personage who reminds us of Brakenburg in *Egmont*. Gretchen is the centre of the action, and, therefore, in Germany the opera has been very properly rechristened *Margarethe*.* The composer, M. Gounod, enjoys in his own country the reputation of being a talented and highly educated musician, particularly fond of German music. We do not know his former works, but his *Margarethe* has inspired us with deep respect for his efforts; it is, undoubtedly, the most important production that France has given us for many years. That which necessarily renders us Germans particularly susceptible to M. Gounod's music is a simple, natural train of feeling, which often vigorously represses French "*esprit*," in order to make way for a deeper phase of sentiment; we feel that the Frenchman experienced the want of assimilating his own frame of mind to that of Germany; and it was from the study of our masters that he derived the power he now exercises over the German public. The model that M. Gounod has principally followed cannot be mistaken; although we come across touches reminding us of Weber, Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and even Wagner himself, M. Gounod's great model is the celebrated composer of *Les Huguenots*; to him it is that M. Gounod is indebted for the dramatic treatment of form, and for the brilliant orchestra with all the resources which modern times have produced; it is to him, too, that he is indebted for the perfect characterization of the librettist, and we are continually reminded, even more musically than dramatically—by the employment of the harmonies in the bass clarinet and bassoon, by the marked triplets, and by the short figures in the basses—of *Robert le Diable*. The dramatic side of the subject, however, appears less adapted than some others to M. Gounod's peculiar talent, which is eminently lyrical, and most at home when able to revel in soft and tender harmonies; in such instances, the composer produces what is truthful and touching; in such instances we follow him unresistingly, and enter completely into his feelings and sentiments. The stock of melody of which he boasts is not too large, but it is agreeable and pleasing. M. Gounod appears far stronger in all that relates to harmony. Here he is at his ease, and consequently produces what is peculiar and original (as, for instance, in the first part of the introduction: *adagio molto*, in F minor). It is on this account that his orchestra constitutes his first line of battle, for in that are principally his effects. The vocal parts occupy only the second rank (although he always writes thankfully and with spirit for them). Here he might advantageously have studied his model, Meyerbeer, somewhat more, and have observed how that master, while employing the orchestra and the masses in the most wonderful fashion, (we would remind our readers of the grand final duet between Raoul and Valentine) often places the vocal parts completely in the foreground, and by the broad flow of the pillar-like *cantilena*, produces an overwhelming effect. M. Gounod's music, however, is rich in clever touches; his musical delineation of Gretchen is far above the intentions of the librettists; every note appears to be an inspiration of his inmost soul, and, in consequence, wins our hearts. All Gretchen's scenes, from her first meeting with Faust, call for unreserved praise. The first two or three words she utters—"Bin weder Fräulein weder schön," &c., are rendered so simply and so pleasingly, that we at once feel confident the composer will be able to carry out his delicate creation. The whole of the third act—that is Gretchen at the spinning-wheel, with the masterly colored "*König von Thule*," the scene with the jewels (here the composer has made, in the brilliant waltz, a concession we regret, because it infuses into the character of Gretchen an element of coquetry foreign to it): the garden quartet, with the preceding *cavatina* for Faust, as free from ornament as it is full of feeling, and the next duet (the gem of the work) are pieces which excite us far longer than for a single evening—which run in our heads, and which compel us to hear them again. Of the other pieces, we must mention as worthy of notice, in the second act, the peculiarly pleasing choral waltz; in the third act, Siebel's Serenade—a composition which will soon

be heard upon every piano; in the fourth act, Gretchen's "Lament"—reminding us, in the best sense, of Franz Schubert's "*Meine Ruh ist hin*:" the vigorous Soldier's Chorus, which with its penetrating rhythm and catching melody, had to be repeated here as everywhere else; Valentine's death, and the deeply touching church-scene; and in the last act, the dungeon scene, where Gretchen, who has lost her senses, sings—in pursuance of a plan that has frequently been employed, but always proves effective—reminiscences of her former hours of love and happiness, and the final effort she makes to recover her courage and engage in fervent prayer. The manner in which the work was received by the public, corresponds to our description. While all the other pieces mentioned were rewarded with every mark of approbation, the third act, especially the concluding duet in the moonlight, elicited absolute enthusiasm, which found vent in recalling the artists three times.

This third act alone will cause the new *Faust*, one of the most thoroughly dramatic works for the stage in modern times, to become a stock piece in every theatre. The opera, too, has been placed upon the boards with a degree of magnificence and richness that could scarcely, we think, ever be surpassed. We have been informed that Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General, himself superintended the arrangements of Herr Wagner, the stage manager. The scenery, machinery and dresses are frequently as surprising and novel as they are marvellous and pleasing to the eye. This is the case, for instance, with the transformation of the church-portal into the interior of the church itself; the inside of the Blocksberg; and the ascent of Gretchen at the conclusion. For all this, Herren Gropius and Daubner were deservedly called on. A similar mark of distinction might have been paid to Herr Dorn, the conductor (if merely as the representative of the composer)—for, by the care with which he had got up so complicated a work, and the circumspection and certainty with which he conducted it, he proved himself one of the very best men now at the head of the orchestra. Among the performers, Madlle. Lucca (*Margarethe*) deserves the first place. Had we ever entertained any doubts as to the talent of this popular favorite, what she has now done would convert us. The certainty and correctness of her reading of the character; the truly maidenly character of her appearance and tone; the irresistible expression of original bashfulness she infused into every situation, up to the development and realization of the greatest bliss of which love is capable; her total annihilation subsequently to her fall; her touching, silent suffering in the dungeon, and her madness, until she arouses herself and flings her soul into ardent prayer—all these form a chain of undeniable touches and proofs of the rarest natural gifts, seconded by the finest resources of every kind. That such an impersonation should produce the most irresistible sensation is a matter of course, and we perfectly comprehend the enthusiasm with which the public received their favorite, and which they manifested for her during the entire evening. We readily renounce citing peculiar details of excellence from the rich store of beauties she displayed, for we should be compelled to repeat the whole part musically and dramatically; let us rather congratulate ourselves on the perfection of the whole, presented to us in so uncommon a manner.

Herr Woworsky's *Faust* is a painstaking, estimable effort in singing and acting; it adheres, as far as the French librettists permit, to the German tragedy; it is full of spirit and in good keeping. Herr Woworsky is best, however, in the declamatory portions of the character. Herr Salo is an admirable representative of Mephisto. The sarcastic nature and quiet superiority of the part are perfectly brought out in tone and expression. We must particularly mention the delicacy which marks the impersonation in consequence of the absence of all exaggeration. We rank this part among the best in the esteemed artist's repertory. Madlle. de Ahana (Siebel) sang the Serenade with fire and spirit, though, perhaps, if we consider the character to be represented, with too much vocal power. We think that less vigor and greater softness and feeling would be more appropriate. Herr Betz was very praiseworthy as Valentine, as was Madlle. Gey (Martha); while Herr Bost (Brander) again proved himself to be a practised performer, who takes an active share in the plot. The concerted pieces went blamelessly; the chorus and orchestra were admirable. The former had to sing the joyfully rendered Soldiers' Chorus in the fourth act over again. But to the orchestra is due the most unconditional praise for the precise and artistic execution of the music, especially of the delicious and sweet passages of the third act. Mesdames Kitzing and Selling distinguished themselves in the ballet of the fifth act. M. Gounod's opera will, without doubt, have a long run here, for the second

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*. Translated by J. V. Bridgeman.

* For the benefit of those of our readers who are unacquainted with German, we must state that "*Gretchen*," "*Madge*, *Meg*, *Meggy*," is a diminutive of *Margarethe*.—Ed.

performance, on the 8th inst., confirmed the good impressions the work had previously produced. Nay, with every succeeding performance, beauties of detail, such, for instance, as the German quartet which contains so many happy traits, Gretchen's scene in fourth act, &c., which were at first lost in the body of the piece, taken as a whole, will come out and be appreciated more and more. Our repertory has certainly received a new and valuable contribution in *Margarethe*, which is so deserving of being seen and heard that we may safely prophecy it will draw the public in crowds.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, January 19, writes:

The chief topic of conversation in musical circles here—I mean operatic circles—is the engagement of Mr. Vincent Wallace to produce operas at the "Italiens." The popular English, or Irish, composer has a host of friends in Paris who will support him. He has also enemies, who bristle up like vexed hyenas at the very idea of his writing an Italian opera.

The success of *La Muette de Portici* at the Opera, is decided, thanks chiefly to its ever fresh and charming music, the representation of the principal characters being anything but first-rate. Mad. Vandenhoevel Duprez sings the part of Elvira skilfully, but with no especial charm. M. Cazanx, the new Pietro, has a good voice, with little else to boast of. M. Gueymard is certainly vigorous, but something more than vigor is demanded for such a part as Masaniello. The Emperor and Empress attended the third representation. The chief effects are produced by the duet, "Amour sacré de la patrie," and by the prayer and revolt of the Market Place. The dances and groupings are admirably managed. Here indeed the French especially excel. I may praise unreservedly the *Fenella* of Madlle. Vernon, the young *debutante*, who was substituted for Madlle. Livry. Pergolese's *Serva Padrona* has been produced at the Italiens, with Madame Penco and Signor Zucchini in the principal characters. This quaint musical farce hardly obtained the reception it merited. It is worth hearing, and is really good music. The performance elicited much laughter, but laughter is not always indicative of success. *Don Giovanni* is announced for the benefit of Madlle. Patti, who undertakes, for the first time in Paris, the character of Zerlina. I have not heard who is to personate the hero. No doubt this will be the weak point of the performance. M. Calzado has reason to rejoice that he possesses such a Zerlina as Adelina Patti.

The popular Concerts of Classical Music, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, progress favorably, and, were it not for the introduction of the fragments from the quartets, &c., by the great masters—sometimes with "all the strings"—a proceeding of which the composers themselves had no notion whatever—would be entitled to unqualified praise. I attended the concert on Sunday last, and heard a very excellent performance of Beethoven's Symphony in D, No. 2, and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. The *Scherzo* of Beethoven's symphony was enthusiastically encored. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* too, was splendidly executed. Mad. Pleyel, who has not been heard in Paris for some time, performed Weber's *Concertstück*, one of the pieces of her predilection, with remarkable brilliancy, and was overwhelmed with applause.

ADELINA PATTI is still the reigning favorite at the Italian Opera. The Emperor and Empress had attended the performance for the fourth time, and the young prima donna had been summoned to the Imperial box. She has been singing, too, in private houses of the nobility, receiving 500 francs for every song.—The sisters CLAUSSE, young lady violinists, have been giving concerts; they are said to have rare talent, which, if rightly directed, may one day reach a success equal to that of the sisters Milanollo.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The 115th concert was a right good one. Spohr's *Nonetto* in F (Op. 31), for "strings and wind," introduced for the first time—executants MM. Sainton, H. Webb, Piatti, C. Severn, Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, Hutchins, E. C. Harper,—pleased so much that Mr. Arthur Chappell will be forced to repeat it at no distant date. Mozart's sweet song, "The violet," sung by Miss Banks, which followed the *Nonetto*, was succeeded in turn by Viotti's *Nocturne* in A minor, for the violoncello and piano—executants, Signor Piatti

and Mr. Benedict. This was the *Nocturne* which pleased so well at the 114th concert, and the second hearing found it a still larger number of admirers. Glinka's "Orphan's song"—perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most plaintive, from his pen with which we have hitherto been made acquainted—was happy in possessing for "interpreter" Mme. Sainton-Dolby, who obtained for it a loud encore. The solo sonata was Mozart's in A major (*air varié*) with the Turkish *allegro*, in A minor, as *finale*—pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé, who was called upon to repeat the last movement. The duet for pianoforte and violin was Beethoven's early sonata in E flat (op. 12)—executants, MM. Hallé and Sainton; the concluding quartet, that of Haydn in B flat (No. 4, op. 76), one of the most evergreen of the prolific master—players, MM. Sainton, Ries, H. Webb and Piatti. Between the last mentioned instrumental pieces, Miss Banks and Madame Sainton gave, in uninterrupted succession, and in the order in which they were originally composed, Mr. Macfarren's four illustrations of the story of *Alce and Shems-en-Nohar*, as it appears in Lane's translation of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments." These very picturesque songs (of which, on another occasion, we shall have a good deal to say), should have been placed in the first instead of the second part. Mr. Benedict was, as usual, the accompanist. St. James's Hall was crowded with an audience alike intelligent and attentive.—*Mus. World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—We regret that we are only able to record the fine programme and the pleasure of a large audience, which we could not be present to share, at last week's Chamber Concert. The playing on that occasion of the pianist, Miss ELIZA JOSSELYN, is the theme of general praise, as a result well justifying the determination which led her to Leipzig. Mr. J. MOORHOUSE played the extra 'Cello in the Sextet by Spohr.

1. Quartet in G, op. 18, No. 2. Beethoven
Allegro, Adagio cantabile, Scherzo allegro, Allegro molto, quasi Presto.
2. Batti, Batti, from Don Giovanni. Mozart
Miss Louisa Adams.
3. Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello, in E flat, op. 47. Schumann
Sostenuto assai and Allegro ma non troppo—Scherzo, molto vivace. Andante cantabile. Finale, vivace.
Miss Eliza Josselyn and Messrs. Schultze, Meisel and Fries.
4. Lied, "Das blinde Maedchen." Proch
Miss Louisa Adams.
5. Variations on a theme of Bach, for the Piano. Reinecke
Miss Eliza Josselyn.
6. Sextet in C, for two Violins, two Violas, and two Cellos, op. 140. Spohr
Larghetto—Scherzo Moderato and Finale Presto.

MR. EICHBERG'S SOIREE, at Chickering's Hall, last Saturday evening, was a success, and, for lovers of good classical music, who filled the hall, one of the pleasantest musical affairs of the season. It could hardly be otherwise with such artists and such programme.

1. Trio in D minor. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Eichberg, Lang and W. Fries.
2. Aria—from "Don Giovanni." Mozart
Mr. Schraubstaedter.
3. Preludio and Fugue, from the first Sonata for violin alone. S. Bach
Mr. J. Eichberg.
4. a. Preludes in E minor. S. Bach
b. Fugue in E minor. Handel
c. Mal, Lieber Mal. Schumann
Mr. B. J. Lang.
5. a. Romanza from Concerto, (in ungarischer Weise). Joachim
b. La Pavane, ancient dance. Eichberg
6. Song—from "Tannhäuser." Wagner
Mr. Schraubstaedter.
7. Variations and Finale, from Sonata, op. 47. Beethoven
Messrs. J. Eichberg and B. J. Lang.

It was truly refreshing, something like a revival of the best days, to hear the Mendelssohn Trio again. Beautiful ideas, consummate symmetry of form and the finest critical finish in the working out, together with that peculiar fervor

and poetic temper which makes all seem natural and spontaneous, the happy contrasts, and the growing interest, mark it as Mendelssohnian in the best sense. It was capitally executed, the only drawback being that the instrument on which Mr. LANG played was hardly up to the well-known Chickering standard; its tones less sympathetic, less freely vibrating than our ears have been accustomed to by the same makers, and forte passages too dull in sound. This of course was but an accident, growing out of the draught upon their factory at present; for, in spite of war, good pianos are in great demand.

Of music of the violin kind Mr. EICHBERG brought forth treasures new and old. A Prelude and Fugue, written *polyphonously* for a single violin, with all the contrapuntal interweaving of several parts, is something which most persons would regard at first as impossible; but such things old Bach wrote with masterly skill and beauty, although they are not his very best works, and Mr. Eichberg showed how clearly and effectively they can be played. His tone was broad and manly, but (unless Camille Urso has spoiled our ears) rather too rough sometimes. If any piece in the programme deserved and required repeating, it was this, because a second hearing would have deepened the impression upon an audience so unused to such things.—The Romanza from Joachim's Concerto ("in the Hungarian manner") was a specimen of the newest in the higher flights of composition for the violin, and a very interesting, original and beautiful one. There was a singular fascination in its broad, dreamy melody, full of feeling, but pure from anything like sentimental commonplace, while the ornamentation is poetic and refined, and the whole treatment (so far as a piano-forte arrangement of the orchestral parts would allow us to judge) truly artistic. We only regret that other parts of the Concerto, which Mr. E. would gladly have produced, are not equally presentable with mere piano accompaniment. It was rendered *con amore* both by Mr. E. and Mr. Lang. In place of the intended Finale, Mr. Eichberg played that ever welcome quaint old dance, *La Pavane*, which is a very gem for the concert room; of course he was called to repeat it.

Mr. Lang's "trilogy" (to borrow a big word from the modern antique) of piano solos, was very happily selected and very nicely executed. In place of the Bach Prelude, however, he took one from the Preludes by Mendelssohn—one of the best of them. The Fugue by Handel, full of light and life and strength, made everybody happy; and the tricky grace and delicacy of the little May song of Schumann only refined the mood to a more poetic temper.

MR. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER sang Leporello's "Catalogue" song: *Madamina*, &c., with his usual richness of baritone and geniality of expression, and more than his usual sobriety of countenance. The song to the "Evening Star" in *Tannhäuser* is truly very beautiful and original, both in the melody and the harmonic progressions. The accompaniment to both songs was tastefully played by Mr. DAUM.—The Variations and Finale from the "Kreutzer" Sonata brought all up to the right pitch for the conclusion of the concert; we have seldom enjoyed them more.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Great was the crowd again on Wednesday afternoon, because great the charm of the "lady violinist." The first half of the programme was particularly interesting; but we give the whole:

1. Overture, "Die Hebriden,"..... Mendelssohn
2. Souvenir de Bellini. Performed by Camilla Urso.
3. Symphony, No. 9, (in three parts),..... Mozart
4. Concert Waltz, "Immer heiterer,"..... Strauss [by request.]
5. Fantasia on "Yankee Doodle"..... Vieuxtemps Performed by Camilla Urso.
6. Grand March, "Der Sieg der Tugend,"... F. Kielblock [First time in this country.]

Mendelssohn's Overture, to which he gave the name of "The Hebrides," or "Fingal's Cave," so full of wild seashore romance, is the proper pendant to his "Schöne Melusine," and we can scarcely hear either of them too often; at all events they had been so little heard from here for a long time that it was a happy thought in Mr. ZERRAHN and his orchestra to revive them both this season. As to the rendering, we do not think the motives in the first part came out quite so clearly as in the *Melusine*; but the stormy climax near the end, making the waves run high, was quite imposing. There is a chance to do it better, which we hope will be soon improved.

We would suggest to the Orchestral Union, when they give a Symphony by Haydn or Mozart, that they specify a little more clearly on the bill which one they mean. No. 9 by Mozart conveys no information except to musicians familiar with it in a certain edition,—which edition, by the way, includes but a small part of Mozart's Symphonies. It would be well to state not only the number, but the key, and the titles of the several movements; and if the first two or three measures of the theme could be set down in notes, it would be still more satisfactory. The one played on Wednesday was doubly interesting; first because new to the audience, and then because so full of beauty and bright life. Referring to the Thematic Catalogue, we find it set down as the 39th among the 49 Symphonies identified as Mozart's. It was composed at Paris, in June, 1778, when he was twenty-two years old; some ten years earlier therefore than his five or six great Symphonies, which are so much better known. It is in the key of D, and consists of an *Allegro assai* (in 4-4), very rapid, joyous and brilliant, with passages of fresh-tinted instrumentation which make you think of the "catalogue song" and other exquisite gay, parts of *Don Juan*; a very graceful *Andantino* in 6-8 measure; and a swift, exciting *Finale* (4-4 again), with a perpetual running *staccato* figure in the middle strings. It goes by the name of the Parisian, or French, Symphony, and became a favorite from the first; it will be so here, and will often be in place when we want a light, short, genial Symphony, which has had no chance to grow hacknied. The young composer concludes a letter which he wrote home to his parents after the first performance thus: "I went for joy after the Symphony to the Palais Royal, took a good ice-cream, told over my rosary as I had promised, and went home."

Mr. KIELBLOCK's March, although its title ("The Triumph of Virtue") excites great expectations to a venturesome degree, proved quite grandiose and stirring, with a well contrasted *Trio*, and rich instrumentation.—The Strauss waltz ought, to justify its title, to sound "jollier and jollier" at every hearing; we have not found it so; perhaps the young folks

have; no doubt with them the very uncalled for burst of laughter from the musicians, as they fiddled near the end, added much to the hilarity of the occasion.

CAMILLA URSO played most exquisitely. Her tone is purity itself. Such finished, perfect phrasing; such a singing, soul-like utterance from the strings, so fine and feminine, yet so rich and strong at times; such beauty of motion in the bow arm; and so much music in the youthful face, serious and sad habitually, but with plenty of hidden humor ready to gush out upon occasion; in short so much artistic individuality in the whole appearance, are seldom witnessed, and the charm lasts long. We would fain hear her in some more important music; but she makes music of whatsoever she touches. The string of Bellini melodies and variations were very charming; "Yankee Doodle" itself was tolerable in her, and might be taken as a freak of humor. The greedy, tyrannical crowd insisted on recalling her, and were delighted by a dreamy piece on muted strings, without accompaniment, which might have been improvised, if it was not, and in which foolish ravished ears were never weary of hearkening how near to inaudible a *pianissimo* could come. Verily the monster's head was in Titania's lap! The virtuoso pieces (the best of them) please us better in Camille, than in most players, but she is no longer a child, and her fine talent owes itself to serious Art. And this suggests the feeling which her playing caused us when she was a child, ten years ago, and which we find we noted down as follows:

The more we think of it, the more we feel disposed to ask for Julliens and Ursos, if we must have fantastic variation solos. These things have all their charm in the fact that they are exceptional; the moment they become common, the moment Paganini sets all the hosts of virtuosos imitating this strange freak, why, it becomes at once the emptiest, cheapest, most common-place and irksome of all the exhibitions of grown men. In a *Wunderkind*, a child of genius, it is all right again; again exceptional and again genuine. Besides, the character, the spirit of these curious fantasias is in harmony with a genial child's fresh, wandering imagination. Such music has not the stuff of manhood or of womanhood in it; it has not actual passion, either of love or of ambition, on the one hand, nor intellectual, logical development of thought on the other; but it is fantastic, fairy-like, belonging to the wondering instincts of child geniuses, to genius of the young Mozart sort, at an age too young for love, or stern ambition, or logical consistency of thought, or religious searching of the depths of one's own soul. Your full-grown virtuosos make most clumsy, awkward fairies; their noble mission is in lending their bow and their skill in bringing out the combined symphonies of genius, music that is full of human and prophetic meaning, so grand as to absorb all little solo-playing individual vanities. When we detect the earnest and devout tones of a master violinist in the rank and file of the orchestra, in the grand symphony, our hearts acknowledge him and praise him to a degree that he could not possibly win from us by the most brilliant Paganini solo, in which he might show his virtuosity. Play Beethoven, play Mozart, unless you can compose better, O ye wondering, wandering stars, and become *fixed* stars; play earnest, manly things, and leave the fairy, the Undine-like, soulless element to the children, to the Julliens and Ursos!

CARL ZERRAHN's fourth "Philharmonic Concert" will take place in the Boston Music Hall this evening. The orchestral selections are decidedly fine. The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven needs only to be named; in that there is sure delight and edification. Then there will be two Overtures: that called "The Naiads," by Sterndale Bennett, an admirable work, which has not been heard here for some years, and Weber's to "Oberon"—a wonder-horn not likely to be exhausted very soon. CAMILLA URSO plays again: "Souvenirs of Mozart"—they

must sound well from her; a piece called "La Reve," by F. Simon, and a Capriccio on themes from *La Fille du Regiment*, by Arlot. Also a Herr F. LETSCH is announced as about to blow wonderful blasts, sing, flute, and what not, on the trombone, even to playing a Concerto in three movements on the ponderous instrument.

Apropos of Zerrahn's Concerts, we have received the following note:

MR. DWIGHT:—The word "Philharmonic" has been used much in your columns, in criticisms on recent concerts, with a meaning apparently quite different from that given in ordinary lexicons.

May I inquire in what sense you use this word, which seems to convey to you so deep a meaning?

Be kind enough to reply in your next number.
Boston, Feb. 14, 1863. A SUBSCRIBER.

In answer we admit that we have not used the word in any strict or dictionary sense; but for convenience and for shortness have availed ourselves of a use of it quite current among musicians and concert-goers, to indicate a certain class of concerts; namely, concerts of classical orchestral music; concerts in which the main feature is commonly a Symphony,—such concerts as we have become accustomed to expect from the example of the two "Philharmonic Societies" in London, the "Philharmonic Society" in New York, and many other cities, and the usual practice hitherto of the "Philharmonic Concerts" of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. To say, then, that such or such a programme is not "Philharmonic," is simply to say that it does not realize the expectations commonly created by the mere announcement of a Philharmonic concert. It is not a strict use of the word, but it is a somewhat conventional and a convenient one.

Three good concerts are in preparation for next week. First, the Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, on Wednesday.—Second, the eighth and last Chamber Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, on Thursday evening, when they will be assisted by an accomplished amateur lady pianist, who will play compositions of Beethoven and Chopin.—Third, on Saturday, either a *Matinée* or *Soirée* by CAMILLA URSO, at Chickering's rooms, when she will be assisted by Mr. KREISSMANN, Mr. LEONHARD, and a lady pianist, in a choice programme.

It is said that there is an Italian Opera in this city; but we have had no direct notification of the fact, and therefore cannot pretend to say whether it is worth anybody's while to hunt it up.

SUCCESSFUL SWINDLE.—A young lady, visiting this city, was swindled at the Music Hall Wednesday afternoon, under the following circumstances. She had engaged with Mr. Zerrahn to appear at his concert and play two pieces upon the violin, and tickets were sold, admitting the public to the entertainment. After the young lady had fulfilled her contract with Mr. Zerrahn on the one part and the public, or the party of the second part, the audience did then and there, with sticks and stones, *pedibus et armis*, and malice aforethought, compel her to play a third piece, which piece was not nominated in the bond. The same game has been played several times at the Academy of Music, the victims being Mr. P. Brignoli, Miss C. L. Kellogg & al.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 16.—During the week included between the evenings of February 2nd and 7th, the Italian company performed *Martha*, *Les Vespres Siciliennes*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma* and *Les Noces de Jeanette*. No especial novelty, and nothing to signalize, save the pretty singing of CORDIER in the French operetta. Of course the cast of *Don Giovanni* professed to be "immense," and, almost as certainly of course, it was nothing of the kind. When shall we have an established Italian opera season in New York, with a company sufficiently good to spare managers the necessity of resorting to the tricks of humbug, so degrading to artists, and injurious to art; with a reasonably complete chorus, &c., and variety and reliability of repertoire?

After a successful trip to Philadelphia, the German company have returned to their old quarters, and repeated some of the operas which they performed so well, earlier in the season. Some representations are announced for Brooklyn. Mr. ANSCHUTZ also promises us further novelties.

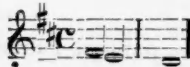
The performances of the company of French

artists at Niblo's saloon, are seldom of a nature to claim notice in an exclusively musical correspondence, although French vanderlives are plentifully sprinkled with what, by courtesy though hardly with truth, may be styled music—the little airs and duets, with words appropriate to the situation of the moment, set to popular melodies. But the French company sometimes takes a deeper dip into the well of music; as was the case on the evening of the 14th, when its pretty actresses *bien mises*, its small and facile voices, its light gaiety, and imperfect orchestra, gave the burlesque, by no means original, yet amusing music of Jacques Offenbach, in the one-act operetta of "*La Rose de St. Fleur*." Especially amusing were the imitations of the stereotyped Italian aria and duo forms.

The third soirée of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS took place Feb. 10th, at Dodworth's Hall. The programme was as follows: Quartet, C major, No. 2, Cherubini: Trio, D Major, opus 70, No. 1, Beethoven; Quartet, A Major, Opus. 41, No. 3, Schumann. The Cherubini quartet did not much please us; it is certainly not the creation of a master who must write whether he will or not, but rather the made work of the clever musician who writes, at his own leisure, a self-appointed task. But, after its own coldly brilliant fashion, the quartet is in parts very effective. The Beethoven Trio placed us at once in another world,—but better than anything we can say, will some extracts from Marx's admirable analysis describe it: "This first Trio, in D Major, is certainly free from personal references, and, while it gives settled ideas of life, those ideas are fast rooted in the life of the tone-world. The spirit does not dream amid tones,—it has built itself a body out of tones. Here is the realization of that spiritual vitality, which leaves behind it, on one side, the phantasms of a wandering spirit, and, on the other, the prose of materiality and form-play. . . . Throughout the first movement, the instruments are widely apart; the piano, the fantasy instrument, often at the distance of two octaves, and the string instruments between. This first movement, *Allegro Vivace e con brio*, is no open struggle, even with destiny, (Beethoven never returns to what is gone by), and, above all, no deed of day. It is a strong forward pressure, a dark undertaking, that cannot resolve itself in light and yet that will not cease. It reminds us of the old *Magna voluit in animo*, (He revolves great resolutions in his soul). . . . And now comes the second part, *Largo assai ed espressivo*. It has won for the whole work the title of "the bat trio" among musicians, for in the *Largo* one's soul is overswept by mysterious wings. . . . Here, from the first ensemble of the string instruments with the piano, (where we are reminded of the thoughtful *motivo* of the first movement), for those who have eyes to see, the kingdom of night is opened,—*il regno di pianto eterno*,—shaken by unexpected thunders, filled with long-trembling sobs. It is a long passage through a pathless darkness. . . . The third movement, the *Preto* in D Major, has manned itself for life again. But, after such night, that does not come at once; twice the theme breaks off doubtfully, once on the dominant of B minor, as if dissatisfied, and then closing on the dominant chord, which does not satisfy either. Then the broken quavers of the first movement return, but filled with fresher courage; a higher strength is gained. This time the under-world could not hold fast its prey, and, with the concluding subject, which is again in accord with the E major subject of the first *Allegro*, looks boldly out into life once more."—The Schumann quartet we can never hear too often.

The first Philharmonic Rehearsal for the fourth concert, took place on last Saturday afternoon. More anon of the Schumann and Wagner works brought out, as the first rehearsals (for the time being, we mean; Wagner's "*Faust*" has been played before)

are necessarily broken, and leave us with comparatively undecided impressions. But the Mozart Symphony sounded quite an *Infant* Jupiter beside the bolder instrumentation of the more modern masters.



PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 16. — CARL WOLFSOHN'S third classical soirée had the following programme:

PART I.

Trio (B flat major, op. 97). Beethoven
a Allegro moderato. b Scherzo—Allegro. c Andante cantabile. d Allegro moderato e presto.
Messrs. Wolfssohn, Kammerer and Ahrend.

PART II.

1. Paraphrase of Concert, "Midsummer night's dream." Liszt
C Wolfssohn.
2. Meditation sur le premier Prelude de Piano, de S. Bach, pour Piano et deux Violoncelles. . . . Gounod
Messrs. Ahrend, Schmitz and Wolfssohn.

PART III.

Quintet (E flat major op. 44). Schumann
a Allegro brillante. b In modo d'una marcia. c Scherzo—molto vivace. d Finale—Allegro ma non troppo.
Messrs. Wolfssohn, Kammerer, Flammer, Mueller, and Ahrend.

The only novelty on the programme was Gounod's Meditation; a duet for two violoncellos, with Bach's first Prelude for the accompaniment. Who but a Frenchman would have thought of writing a melody to one of Bach's preludes, and, thinking of it, would have dared to do it? Bach's music may in this way become popularized and please even in Paris. In the opinion of some musicians, (Schumann, for instance) the Preludes and Fugues are full of melodic ideas, though of course none but a cultivated ear can detect them. To such, the addition of Mons. Gounod's notes seems unnecessary and objectionable. Should the idea be improved upon (for the Meditation is very pretty) we may yet hear *Fidelio* treated in a similar way. If expurgated Shakspeare finds readers, melodized Bach and Beethoven must also command some attention.

Hoffmann, in one of his musical novels, speaks of a music teacher who, when recommending a certain Sonata for a pupil, assured the parent that it contained not one immoral idea or motive. Would eccentric Johannes Kreisler have said as much of the Meditation?

This was Mr. Ahrend's first appearance here in a classical concert. His advantages are fine tone, good style, correct phrasing and beautiful expression. Mr. Wolfssohn played Liszt's Paraphrase in his usually fine style.

The concerted pieces were rendered as well as circumstances permitted. With all the care displayed by the performers, it was painfully obvious that Messrs. Ahrend, Schmitz and Wolfssohn must be judged by a much higher standard than their assistants.

"GERMANIA" ORCHESTRA.—This society has been doing a most successful business. While their audiences have improved in numbers, their playing and their selections have gradually deteriorated. The performance of last Saturday was outrageously careless. How can they do much for good music when, in a programme of eight numbers, there are two Waltzes, one Galop and Gangl's Carnival of Venice?

Apropos of Orchestras, the accommodations for the purveyors of music at the new Chestnut St. Theatre are so small that there is hardly room enough to draw a bow, or propel a trombone without endangering the instrument of one's neighbor. At the same theatre, Mr. Forrest plays tragedy in the Wampanoag style. Those who admire that manner go to see him. The critics, generally, disapprove of it. The world moves; taste improves.

JAQUINO.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O were I a bird. Song. J. T. S. Sullivan. 25

This is a song that sings itself. Both words and melody glide along so easily and gracefully, that a person finds himself at the end without being aware he has been trying over a new song. Very sweet.

O swallow, happy swallow. (Die Schwalben, ja (Die Schwalben.) Duet. E. Kucken. 35

Kucken is still the most popular of the modern German song writers. Singers will easily call to mind a number of familiar tunes of which he is the author. Of his duets, many of which are continually used in the concert room in Germany, the barcarolle "Fly my skiff" is thus far the most favorably known here. The above duet ranks almost as high and will become a favorite.

Shadow Song. (Ombre legée.) From Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploermel*. 60

This is the Song complete, as written in the original score. It is the song for the Prima Donnas. A shorter copy of it in a lower key has been published for the singing world at large. This song will soon be as familiar to musical people as Meyerbeer's "Robert, Robert" or his Prayer and Bohemian Rondo in the "North star, are now."

Instrumental Music.

Revue Melodique, No. 15. Lucrezia Borgina. For four hands. Fred Beyer. 75

An excellent piece for learners and for school exhibitions, containing some of the best airs of the opera. Not difficult.

Simon Boccanegra. Repertoire des Jeunes Pianistes. Op. 36. F. Beyer. 30

A transcription of the favorite airs in Verdi's opera of the above name, in Beyer's usual classical and excellent style. Of medium difficulty.

Eldora Polka. Geo. C. Whittredge. 25

An easy and every way charming polka. Delicate and brilliant in melody.

Books.

DINORAH. (Le Pardon de Ploermel). Romantic Opera in Three Acts. Italian and English words. G. Meyerbeer. \$3.00

The success of an opera in public, depends a great deal upon its brilliancy, the dramatic character of its "story," and other similar things. There are different opinions as to the merits of Dinorah as a performing opera, some being quite carried away with it, and some not at all affected. But there is not the least doubt as to its containing a vast deal of fine music. It was most carefully elaborated, and by one of the greatest masters of the age. This book will be a new treasure to add to many musical libraries.

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